

Amusements, etc., This Evening.

ROOTH'S THEATRE.—"Enoch Arden." Edwin Booth.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.—"Article 47." Lina Edwin's Theatre.—"Woodleigh."

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—"Humply Dumpty." Remond.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.—"Burlesque." The Vokes.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—"Home" and "The Critic." Walter Wallack and Charles Matthews.

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New-York Daily Tribune.

FRIDAY, MAY 31, 1872.

A report from London states that Parliament will be immediately informed that the English Government withdraws from the Washington Treaty. There was a stormy session in the Spanish Cortes yesterday on the introduction of a resolution to censure Marshal Serrano.

The U. S. Senate yesterday was occupied in disposing of the Tariff and Tax bill. In the House, the bill for the better security of bank reserves was passed. An evening session was held for debate on the Ku-Klux bill.

C. R. Buckalew has been nominated for Governor of Pennsylvania by the Democrats, a victory for the Liberal element. The House in Missouri have elected a new member. Several persons were injured by a railroad accident in North Carolina. Gov. Hoffman has signed the bill relating to the Brooklyn ferries.

A meeting of Free Traders at Steinway Hall adopted resolutions in favor of a new Presidential movement. The Special Committee on the Book Concerns presented an important report, sustaining charges made by Dr. Luanhan. Rainy weather interfered seriously with Decoration Day. Gold, 114 1/2. Thermometer, 67, 59.

Donn Platt talks feelingly, in a letter on our second page, this morning, to Judge Black for his lately announced opposition to the Cincinnati ticket. On the whole, the Donn seems to have the advantage thus far, but Judge Black is next to be heard from.

Senator Conkling evidently grows into the belief that he and his handful of coadjutors not only run the Government but the country. Yesterday, not being able to find other language sufficiently strong in which to denounce the Cincinnati Convention, he said it was "an unauthorized crowd." Before any other National Convention assembles, due authority must be obtained from Mr. Conkling, or annihilation is to be expected at his hands.

The House of Representatives maintained, yesterday, its attitude of indifference to the expressed will of the Administration. Gen. Butler tried to get up his bills to give the President further dictatorial powers, but again failed, and so took refuge in the more congenial atmosphere of the Senate. The project of enacting military law for the whole country is not yet abandoned, and the super-securables intend to fight it out "if it takes all Summer."

There was a singular scene in the Spanish Cortes yesterday, occasioned by the opposition of a portion of the Chamber to the approval by the Government of Marshal Serrano's generous treatment of the Carlist prisoners. The interpellation of Martos raised so violent a disturbance that the President left the chair and the session broke up in confusion. It would certainly seem as if men of such intelligence and high principle as Martos and Ruiz Zorrilla could find some better ground for attacking the Unionist Ministry than its clemency, which, from this distance, at least, appears altogether praiseworthy.

The Hon. Charles R. Buckalew, who was nominated for Governor by the Democracy of Pennsylvania, yesterday, is as strong a candidate as that party could put in the field. The antipodes of Hartman, nominee of the Renomination party, he is a statesman of ability, undoubted integrity and honesty, and utterly free from and above the petty intrigues of small politicians. An old-fashioned Democrat, he understands the needs of his party, and sees that the tendencies of the times are to break up partisan divisions. His nomination may be justly taken as an indication that the Democracy of Pennsylvania favor that consolidation of all political interests in the cause of reform which is offered in the Liberal Republican platform. The action of the Convention seemed all in that direction yesterday. Mr. Buckalew has served one term in the Senate, and has held several positions of trust in his own State.

Civil Service Reform means a reduction of the working force of Government employees to the smallest available number, as well as the purification of that force, by driving out dishonest or dishonestly-appointed men.

But the Senate does not believe in that; it does not believe in any kind of Civil Service Reform, for that matter. If the proposed modifications of the Internal Revenue laws go into effect next July, the officers in the service will have next to nothing to do; one-half of them, to say the least, could be discharged. The Senate, however, which votes to reduce the taxes, to please the people, also votes to retain the office-holders to work for the Renomination ticket. Even when one Senator moved to merge into another any collection district in which the receipts were not equal to the cost of collection, the obsequious Senate, led by the Administration men, refused to permit such a release of the office-holders. Just now, the Administration needs Internal Revenue Assessors and Collectors as well as bayonets.

After a long and laborious investigation into the alleged frauds in the affairs of the Methodist Book Concern, the Special Committee made a report yesterday. Summed up briefly, the Committee's report is as follows: The business methods of the department afforded opportunities for frauds which were taken advantage of by subordinates; there has been great lack of system in the bookkeeping of the house; the losses sustained are not large enough to impair the capital or financial standing of the Concern; there is no evidence that any agent or assistant agent has been implicated in any frauds on the Concern; the present methods of keeping accounts, though imperfect, are reasonable safeguards against dishonesty; purchasing paper through James P. Porter and the business transaction with Brown Brothers & Co. are both denounced as improper and unauthorized; the Committee have no opinion as to the trustworthiness of the financial exhibit made by the agents of the Book Concern to the General Conference. Furthermore, the Committee find that frauds were committed in the bindery and the manufacturing department while Hoffman was in charge. We have already alluded to the extraordinary performances of this man; and, certainly, his doings justify the charges made by Dr. Lanahan. The report is before the General Conference, which will discuss it to-day. But we cannot help congratulating the Conference on the strength of that financial condition which, according to the Committee, can withstand the assaults made on it by such men as Hoffman is proved to be.

THE FREE TRADE DEMONSTRATION.
About every Free Trader in New-York whose name bears political weight is a champion of Gen. Grant's reelection. Mr. Jackson S. Schultz, late the President of the Union League Club, and a leading Free Trader, is enthusiastically for him. Mr. Isaac H. Bailey, a Free Trader even more vehement, is as enthusiastic for Gen. Grant as is Thos. Murphy. The leading Free Trade merchants all lent their names to the organization of the Cooper Institute Grant Rally. Under such circumstances the Free Trade doctrinaires in the Liberal Republican ranks propose to subordinate the common grounds for opposing Gen. Grant,—his debauching the Civil Service, his rule of the South by the bayonet, his administration of the Government as if it were his private estate, his policy of discord at home and disgrace abroad,—and elevate instead, as the main reason for turning him out, their demand for a reduction or abolition of the Tariff. Having many reasons in common with Gen. Grant's other opponents for resisting his reelection, they prefer instead to rally around the one principle which they hold in common with his most earnest supporters. And so they met last night to set the sagacious plan on foot. The ablest and most practical of them, Mr. David A. Wells, did indeed seem troubled with some natural hesitation. At the outset he took care to announce that he preferred to reserve his judgment as to what it were best to do about the Cincinnati ticket, but before he reached an end he made up his mind that Mr. Greeley ought not to be supported if it could be avoided, that the Free Traders should preserve their independence and strike somewhere or somehow as an independent and united body. Mr. Atkinson more bitterly though less cogently urged the same policy.

An independent and united body did try to strike together, not long ago, at Cincinnati. It grew impatient over the delay of the doctrinaires in Committee over a question its members considered of secondary importance in this campaign, the question of the Tariff. Thereupon came rushing in, in hot haste, two members, Messrs. David A. Wells and Edward Atkinson. The Convention, they vociferated with vehement gesticulation, must not take so rash a step. The Committee had agreed. It had made a platform which everybody would approve, a platform which had been almost unanimously adopted, a platform which would inspire harmony and insure victory. But a little while before, a Western Revenue Reformer, Judge Stanley Matthews, had deliberately declared in writing that the Tariff question must not be made a controlling issue, and that he would willingly support Horace Greeley. Now come these excellent gentlemen,—the former repudiating the platform they made and eulogized the latter, the candidate he pledged himself to support,—and ask practical common-sense people to unite again with them in another effort at a national organization to defeat Gen. Grant and elect a President! As well might Ishmael, the son of Hagar, call for a general muster under his confidence-inspiring banners.

We do not wish to underrate the discontent for which last night's meeting was the exponent. It is not great; but it is considerable, and it is among men whose sincerity of purpose, ability and political purity make them as desirable allies, as their political impracticability makes them impossible leaders. On the other hand, we do not wish to overrate the importance of the movement they are attempting to set on foot. They do not speak for the Revenue Reform party, and they include but one of its organizing minds. Gen. Carl Schurz, as we know, attaches far less importance to their pet theories than they insist on giving them, and declines a fight of that sort. Col. Grosvenor takes occasion, in advance of their meeting, to come out emphatically for the Cincinnati ticket. Horace White declares that he means to show or to know no variableness or shadow of turning in the support he gives the platform and the ticket. Samuel Bowles has been from the outset as zealous as he is able, and he has been admirably supported in Hartford by Isaac H. Bromley. Henry Watterson speaks for the South-West in no uncertain tones, and Murat Halstead can be led into no visionary support of a fresh effort at a platform and ticket, by men who have just repudiated those they helped to

make a month ago. The South is practically unanimous for Cincinnati, the West daily becomes more so, the Louisville *Advertiser* pertinently shows the growing reconciliation of the Germans, New-York has spoken, yesterday's work shows the temper of Pennsylvania. In one word, the Liberal Republican movement everywhere evokes a response that, two months ago, would have been thought incredible; while for this small attempt at a bolt are left a few gentlemen without political following, and a single daily journal of limited and local circulation. Few will be alarmed at this array. The Liberal Republicans have not forgotten that in the ninety-six years of our political annals no Free Trade President controlled a Protectionist Congress, no Protectionist President was able to hinder Free Trade legislation. They recognized this fact of our history in their platform, and left the question of the Tariff where it belongs, and where both Republican and Democratic parties have heretofore left it, with the people of the Congress Districts. Their candidates are pledged to obey the popular will thus ascertained, as all previous Presidents have done, and the people mean to take them at their word.

THE TROUBLE ABOUT THE TREATY.

After all the strains of peace and good will which we have heard from the Administration Press about the successful close of the negotiations with England, it seems as if the Treaty were yet to fail unless our Government still further humiliates and discredits itself before the country and the world. Already the matter has arrived at a point where any additional step must be awkward and ungracious. To accede to the new demands of England will seem to exhibit a total lack of respect for our own opinions, and to refuse to yield what is said to be, from our point of view, a trifling matter, after we have already yielded so much, would seem like an act of caprice and bad temper. It is possible that we may be compelled to wait a week or two more for a final decision. The written copy of the Senate's amendments to Lord Granville's project of treaty will not arrive in England until the end of next week, and it is rather unlikely that the last word will be spoken by telegraph. There is, therefore, time enough for us to make up our minds with some deliberation as to what has been done, and what remains to do.

The fault of our Administration in this matter appears to have been pure incapacity, and nothing worse. It is true that in this quality they were very evenly matched by Her Majesty's High Commissioners. It will hardly be believed by the future readers of history that a dozen gentlemen of prominence sat about the same table for three months, and during all that time never mentioned the most important question connected with the Treaty they were making. Both sides seemed to exhibit a childish cunning in keeping silent on this vital matter, so that each could claim that nothing had been said against its peculiar interpretation of the Treaty. When the preliminary work was done, the two countries, taking it too promptly for granted that it was well done, went off into transports of good will which seem pathetic enough to-day. The English Commissioners got their titles and ours a quantity of good words, and the dinners and toasts and able editorials gave us a foretaste of the times when flags shall be finally furled in the federation of the world. But when the Cases were laid before the Arbitrators this Arcadian period ended. Each side found out what the other's silence meant. The neglect to exclude the indirect claims gave our Government the opportunity to put them into the Case; but the fact that they were not expressly included in the Treaty enabled the British Government to say to the English critics that they were not within the purview of the instrument. They were presented in a needlessly offensive and alarming manner, in a way which made it a matter of life and death for the Gladstone Ministry to reject them. And here is a point which the English press and English speakers had entirely neglected. They have continually asserted that the Treaty discussion on this side was a political matter. They have represented the election of Gen. Grant as hanging upon this affair. But in fact, the whole question has had but little political significance in this country. It has concerned the Cabinet of Mr. Gladstone infinitely more than it can concern that of Gen. Grant. It is with us a matter of national self-respect and national interests, but in England the very existence of the Gladstone Ministry has been involved in its treatment of this case. In proof of this it is seen that the London journals divide upon this issue precisely according to their partisan leanings, while in New-York the three leading newspapers—*The Tribune*, *Herald*, and *World*—agreeing upon no political questions, unanimously sustained the Government as long as it seemed mindful of its own dignity, and condemned it only when it weakly yielded to unjustifiable English dictation.

There is no question that the English Government was very anxious for a settlement on the basis of Lord Granville's Supplemental Treaty. The question then arises, why have they refused to accept the amendments of the Senate, which are said to be immaterial? It is reported that we agree not to press our claims for indirect damages, and that in consideration of this England shall agree not to bring any claims for indirect damages against us in future. Yet it seems that England refuses to accept this slight modification of her own terms. This is not done from mere wantonness; and if the ultimatum of Gen. Grant has really been sent, stating that we have nothing further to offer, it will be a singularly significant thing if the British Government prefer the loss of their cherished Treaty rather than the acceptance of our amendments. It will show simply that in their opinion we cannot be trusted. Lord Russell intimated as much in his speech in the House of Lords. Lord Derby did not stop at intimations, but said plainly that in dealing with us nothing must be left to understandings. The unanimous tone of the London press is one of panic lest in the Supplemental Treaty there should be left some loophole of expression through which we shall come out at some future day and spoil them. They have become so nervous over this question of indirect claims, that they will not even trust the Geneva Board with our abandoned claims. They insist, first, upon the absolute withdrawal of these demands; and second, they insist upon drawing up for themselves any stipulations for the future into which both powers are to enter. When two nations have arrived at such a point of mutual distrust, any friendly arrangement becomes exceedingly difficult. We cannot endure any such tone from England, and yet we cannot deny that, unjust and irrational as the attitude of her Government is, it is not altogether inexplicable, when we consider the mingling of chicanery and servility,

of bluster and weakness, which has characterized the action of our Government from the opening of negotiations until now.

THE ADMINISTRATION A MAN.

Those who claim that the Administration is entitled to a renewal of the popular sanction, have shown a disposition to make the coming contest a purely personal one. If such be their preference, they can be easily accommodated. The Liberal Republicans, while selecting and presenting a candidate, have not neglected the fullest, freest, and clearest expression of the public grounds upon which they decline to support the President for a reelection; and as this has been met by a persistent depreciation of their candidate, and as the Administrationists have chosen to make this a dispute about men, why should they complain if they are answered according to their own methods? This can be done with greater facility, since the President has been pleased to consider himself as the Government, and has apparently labored under the delusion that the Presidency was given to him for his eminent military services in lieu of a pension, to be enjoyed for his best emolument and sharply managed as a private economical investment. In this matter we have lamentably drifted from the simple customs of an earlier day. Once there was something homely and pleasant, but there was nothing alarming, in the gifts which were made by his admirers to a President. The money value was the least part of the donation. Mr. Jefferson received big cheeses and Gen. Jackson pipes and canes in abundance, but no President thought of enhancing his private fortunes by the liberality of his partisans. It would have been but a poor way of urging a petition for place in the gift of Gen. Jackson to have enforced it by a bribe, no matter by what name the bribe had been called. It is safe to say that he would have sworn frightfully at any man who asked his acceptance of a house and land. A broken head rather than a commission would have been the result of such a liberal servility. The present President has pocketed whatever was offered him as a matter of course; and it cannot be said of him that he has been wanting in that gratitude which is a lively sense of benefits to come.

Akin to this, and emphatically a public and not at all a personal matter, is the cool audacity—we can call it by no other name—with which Gen. Grant has lavished office upon members of his own family. "He has," says the Address of our Liberal State Committee, "committed acts of nepotism more numerous than are recorded against the entire line of his predecessors from George Washington to Andrew Johnson." The charge has been often made, and up to this hour it has never been denied by any one whose denial is worth a farthing. All we have had been the silly jest that a man would be worse than a heathen who did not care for his own household. This will not do. If the President's family appointments had been perfectly judicious it would have been hard upon general grounds to defend them; but the matter becomes intolerable when in all other ways they have proved as bad as possible.

While we do not expect Gen. Grant to understand the scandal of many of the appointments which he has made, it does seem incredible that he should so obstinately persist in keeping men in place who have done nothing so thoroughly as to demonstrate their own unworthiness for it. Not even numberless Committees, protests, investigations, infinite scandal, and a clamor that fills the whole political arena, have been able to pry one brother-in-law out of the office he disgraces in New-Orleans. The name of another is the scorn of every diplomatist in Europe, and his vulgar impertinences have been the subject of correspondence in every European Cabinet, but still he sticks. To give to another kinsman a mission in Central America for which he was notoriously unfit, he affronted the entire Republican delegation from Iowa. Gen. Grant seems to have forgotten that the President is a civil and not a military officer; and this explains his undertaking to govern the South as if it were still a great entrenched camp; his manipulating our foreign policy as if he were treating with an enemy at his mercy and upon the point of surrender,—until, indeed, the tables in one or two cases were turned, and he was ready himself to surrender; his issuing his instructions to free citizens about to vote as if they were his old infantry about to engage in battle. Gen. Grant is a soldier and the old habits of a soldier stick to him. He has many of the professional faults of Jackson, and apparently no comprehension of that strict, law-abiding conscience which redeemed the soldierly character of Washington, of Taylor, and of Harrison. They were good soldiers, but better citizens. They never attempted to govern the Republic by General Orders.

THE NEW-ORLEANS INVESTIGATION.

From the Congress Committee which investigated the affairs of the Custom-house at New-Orleans we have, at last, two or three reports. Of course, people will be better able to judge of the value and fairness of the conclusions to which the subdivisions of the Committee arrive when the evidence upon which these are based is spread before the country. But enough of the doings of the Custom-house gang in New-Orleans is already known to show the character of the report which is put out in the special interest of the Administration. The evil of appointing one's relatives to public place was never more forcibly illustrated than in the case of the President's brother-in-law, Mr. Casey. He naturally expected, when he took possession of the New-Orleans Custom-house, that his little irregularities would be passed over unnoticed, and that any unfriendly criticism would be set down to the credit of the President's enemies rather than to his own short-comings. He grew strong in his place; he was the mouth-piece in Louisiana for his kinsman, the President of the United States, Marshal Packard, an able man than Mr. Casey, managed the Collector, managed the President, so far as Louisiana politics were concerned, and thus controlled Federal policies in that State. This was the foundation of the Custom-house Ring.

How could it be expected that a Committee made up of Congressmen, who were likely any day to be asking favors of the President, would go to New-Orleans and write a report which should reflect upon this personal Administration's brother-in-law, if not upon the Administration itself? They have not done it. It has never been denied that there was a schism in the Republican party in Louisiana; the Committee repeat this; but, instead of saying that Collector Casey and Marshal Packard were at the head of one faction and Gov. Warmoth and his friends at the head of the other, they disingenuously say that the quarrel was among the leaders of the Republican party, Federal office-holders being on both

sides. What Federal official was against the Collector and his crew? We do not believe there was one humble tide-waiter who dared wag his head against the awful dispenser of Federal patronage in Louisiana. From this the Committee naturally go on to mild platitudes about the non-interference of the Administration. The interference of the President did not consist in ordering up the troops when the Casey-Packard party took possession of the State Republican Convention and fortified it with United States arms in the United States Custom-house; nor did his interference consist in ordering out the revenue cutter to carry the runaway members of the Legislature out of the reach of civil process. The President's part was to keep in their places the men who did this wretched work, and he has done so. There are rumors that, after a half-year has elapsed, the President has asked his brother-in-law to resign. He should have been summarily turned out of office six months ago.

The report of the Committee, so far as the Chairman and Mr. McCrary speak for them, is just what might have been expected—indeed, was expected. But there is no attempt, so far as we know, to disguise the fact that Mr. Casey violated law and decency in his administration of affairs. This could not be covered; and so we must expect to see the Collector out of his place in the course of time.

TOM.

There is a picture for sale in a neighboring city with which is connected a curious story. On the back is scrawled, "T. A., Obitt 1865." The artist died by his own hand, for a cause of suicide more common than love, or religious mania, or despair; and as poor Tom was well known, and near akin to many of our readers, the history of his picture and himself seems to us worth the telling. As for the picture, it is in execution nothing but a crude, strong dash or two of color; only a bit of sandy beach, a dead woman washed ashore, a man keeping watch over her, and a bird, the solitary living thing in the world, disappearing in the stormy sky, leaving him alone with his dead. But there is the subtle something in it which touches us, as do all great utterances of truth or human feeling; it is one of the inspired words, painted, or spoken, or written, that are strong as love, or grief, or death, and share their nature.

There was something about the painter, too, from the time he was a boy, that set him apart from other men as one who had a message given him to utter. After all, God does give nowadays to certain men special errands to their fellows; and whether it be to make them cry or laugh, to call them to be heroes or saints, to show the stupendous joke or misery or comfort under life, or to explain fishes, or, like Bezaleel, to be "filled with the spirit of God in working with iron and brass," they carry about with them the signs of their commission as plain as the shining on Moses's face when he came down from the mountains with the tables of stone. Even as a boy, Tom knew that he had an errand. It might be but a petty thing, a picture to paint, or a crayon sketch or two to finish. But it was his work, which no man could do but himself. He caught hints of it everywhere in the glass of water flickering in his hand, or the stone under his feet as much as in the song nobly sung or the life of some other man greatly loved. It was clear enough to him; but flickering light or songs and loves of others would not make it clear to the world. There were times when the desire for its utterance was so strong upon him that if he could have accomplished his work he would have been ready, shy, hearty, young fellow as he was, to cry, "Lord, now let Thy servant depart in peace." He did not fall into the usual mistake of genius as to the ease of delivering his message. He had no slipshod dependence on winged Pegasus to carry him, or draughts from Helicon to give him divine strength. Slow and incessant work, and unflinching integrity to his errand, he knew only would carry him to his journey's end, and he set out on his career gallantly.

But Tom was poor, and—Tom married; married a woman who thoroughly recognized him and his errand. They lived in a shabby little house in the suburbs of New-York, where their first baby was born; a house where the roof leaked, and where the floors were carpetless. But going there, you found their talk furnished with such high and noble thoughts, their daily lives so rich in love, so gay in jests and fancies, so sweet and admirable in temper, that the background of want seemed only meant to throw into relief these sunshiny figures. Books, too, music, nature, and art meant so much more to them than to other men and women; they drew such strength and wealth out of even the blades of grass at their gate or the sunlight on their bare floor, that one could not but envy the rich heritage that they would bequeath to their boy. It was about this time that this picture was painted. Men found in it something of a message from the gods struggling to be heard; they looked curiously at Tom and said, "Presently we shall have a great man among us." But they did not buy the picture. They did not buy any of Tom's pictures.

As years went by this fact forced itself closer and closer upon the painter. The more he fixed his eyes upon the stars the more his empty pocket took life and gnawed like a fox at his vitals. He and his wife could have always found food and royal clothing for themselves in their consciousness of their great work for mankind, but for their boys they wanted breadcloth, beef, and potatoes to equal those of their neighbor's children across the way. One day a picture auctioneer offered Tom a place as "hack." "Give up this Flemish accuracy and this peculiar fancy which struggles through all your work. You can 'dash me off two or three bold studies a day; something to catch the public eye. Coarse as you please. You need never put your 'name to them.' The wages offered were a competency. It was an everyday transaction; the man had simply to make a choice between poverty with his own work and wealth without it. To Tom, however, it seemed a choice between God and Mammon. It threatened to wrench soul and body asunder. But the children had their hands upon him. Should they not have their share of the world's comfort, gentility, style? Tom went into the road where all hacks tramp together their treadmill round which leads nowhere in life or death. He had meant to be deaf and blind if any voice summoned him out of it. But he never heard again the Heavenly Call. His body is alive yet, goes about, with those of his wife and children, well-fed and well-to-do. Their floors are carpeted with cheap Brussels, and in their clothes they follow the fashions scrupulously and promptly. But Tom, finding this old picture

exposed for sale the other day, scrawled on its back, "T. A. Obitt 1865."

There are so many "Toms in studios, in newspaper offices, in the pulpit, that we have thought it worth while to tell his story. We do not know whether he ever questioned what the loss in his choice has been to himself, his children, or the world; but it may not be too late for some of them to pause in theirs, and ask themselves, "Was this well done?"

ROCHESTER AND CINCINNATI.

From The New-York Times.

It is distinctly charged by leading Democrats who were present at the Rochester Convention, that the endorsement of the Cincinnati platform was made in pursuance of a bargain between Mr. Greeley and the Tammany leaders, made as early as last Fall. The consideration on the part of Mr. Greeley and his friends included the defeat of measures to bring the Tammany thieves to justice. This, as our readers are aware, was duly done. A portion of the consideration, not yet performed, is that the next Legislature shall be favorable to the coalition, and shall elect Gov. Hoffman to the United States Senate. This is in pay for Mr. Hoffman's general collaboration with the Ring, and especially for the votes of the Reform measures of last Winter. This charge was published in *The World*, Saturday, May 25, and the standing of its author vouched for by that journal on its editorial page. The charge has not yet been denied by Mr. Greeley or any one authorized to speak for him, and it cannot truthfully be denied at all.

—THE TRIBUNE is authorized by Mr. Greeley to pronounce the above totally untrue, so far as it in anywise concerns his actions or words. Mr. Greeley never made any bargain whatever with the Tammany leaders nor any of them, nor with Gov. Hoffman, whether "last Fall" or at any other time, to the endorsement of the Cincinnati platform. We learn that such endorsement was recommended by Horatio Seymour, Sanford E. Church, Samuel J. Tilden, Francis Kernan, John Ganson, and other Democratic chiefs who are not understood to belong to "the Tammany Ring" nor to enjoy its confidence. But however that may be, Mr. Greeley neither bargained for it nor gave pay for securing it.

—And now, we beg to add, once for all, that a failure to deny false charges is not to be construed as any admission of their truth. If we undertook to deny one in a dozen of the absurd calumnies which the single organ of slander above quoted from has invented and daily reiterated since this canvass began, we should have little time for anything else. We are not in that business, and do not mean to enter it. Horace Greeley's character is too well established for characterless men-felows to affect it in the estimation of his fellow-citizens by inventions like the above.

"Poisoning as a domestic accomplishment" having become unpleasantly common, *The Independent* thinks that "if punishment can only become as certain as detection may be made sure, this wickedness would be seriously checked, if not entirely extirpated." "True," says *The Congressionalist*, "though unfortunately the same laxity of moral sentiment, by which such wickedness is fostered, insists upon treating criminals with leniency, and practically takes ground against just and needful penalties." If this be a cry spoken for the pulpit, we have only to say that if "just and needful penalties" mean those which will frighten people from an indulgence in poisoning, then, by the same rule, the rack would be an improvement upon the rope, and the wheel an improvement upon the rack. If certainty of punishment be the thing desirable, then that end is to be attained not by increasing punishments, but by wisely ameliorating them. Poisoning, for instance, is a crime which in nine cases out of ten it is impossible to prove against a respondent with absolute certainty. The jurymen may be governed by a reluctance to convict, which does not rise into a complete and absolute doubt, but the fact that his verdict of guilty will be followed by a penalty which permits no revision, renders him unwilling and hesitating; and so, acting upon an unreasonable doubt, he says "Not guilty." Scores of those capably indicted have not been capitally convicted, because jurors would have nothing to do with judicial murder. They may upon their own dire examination have thought themselves quite capable of giving an unbiased verdict; but when the time comes, nature asserts itself, and they have recourse to compromise. Add to this that poisoning is a crime most frequently committed by women, and that the hanging of women is something which a manly nature revolts from, and we have reason enough for acquittals. Especially since poisoning does not, like murders by physical violence, admit of graduated classification, jurors are cautious of committing a dreadful mistake which can never in this world or by man be rectified. Humanity breeds doubt, and doubt at the common law acquits.

It gives us great satisfaction to learn (as we do from *The Philadelphia Inquirer*) that Mr. J. Edgar Thomson, the President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, has not sailed for Europe for the benefit of his health, which "was never better than when he went away," his only reason for going being his desire to enjoy foreign travel. Moreover, Col. Scott, the First Vice-President of the road, "has not suffered any illness, except a slight cold, for years past," and the other Vice-President, though not in excellent health, is very far from being in a desperate condition. *The Inquirer* says: "That Americans, as a people, do work too persistently, is a fact which cannot be too often repeated; and while *The Tribune's* theory is excellent, the examples with which it seeks to sustain it are altogether bad. We are always 'glad to be set right as to matters of fact, and in this case especially so. It was our misfortune that we accepted as true on this subject the statements of *The N. Y. World*."

Upon the whole, in spite of the stone-throwing boys and other natural enemies, we are inclined to consider puss as fortunate. When he or she, Tom or Tabby, is cared for, it is in a complete and comfortable way. Puss has a fine seat by the fire, good rations, and plenty of coddling and petting. And now the favorite animal has come into great luck in England, for that wealthy maiden lady, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, has given the sum of £10 to be bestowed in prizes to "workmen's cats" at the National Exhibition. Other noble ladies will also give silver medals to encourage the kind treatment of cats. We would also suggest diplomas for cats who under circumstances of strong temptation and first-rate opportunity have never killed a canary bird.

A most remarkable crowd assembled two or three weeks since in Paris, before the Ministry of Justice. There were all the executioners in France. It had been determined that for the whole Republic there should be only one headman, and each of these skillful operators hoped to secure the proud position. In all there were thirty of them—artists whose business it was to cut off heads; and yet it is said that a milder looking set of men was never gathered together. Most of them had been apprenticed to their beautiful business in early boyhood, and each looked to the coveted appointment as to what A. Ward calls "a sweet boon." We believe France is the only country in the world in which the executioner is not *ex-officio* disreputable.

It appears that in Plumpton, in England, the parishioners have a decided dislike for the vanities of Ritualism. They knew nothing of the proclivities of a new vicar named (strange to say) Smith; and when a box directed to plain Mr. Smith came to the village, they peeped into it, and actually discovered something Red, which, of course, they instantly, having heard of the Scarlet Lady, considered to be a Roman vestment. It turned out, however, after a good deal of guessing and indignation, that the box was not for Mr. Smith, the Vicar, but for another Mr. Smith, the Hosier, and that the cap-tions thereof were red comforters! So the parano-phobia of Plumpton was at once allayed.